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## NARRATIVE

OF THE

29/5/56

## LIFE AND SUFFERINGS

OF

# Rev. Richard Warren,

(A FUGITIVE SLAVE.)

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

HAMILTON:

PRINTED AT THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, JOHN STREET.

1856.



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## RECOMMENDATIONS.

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I have read the manuscript of Rev. Richard Warren, Minister of the Gospel. The narrative is highly interesting, and does great credit to Mr. Warren, considering the disadvantages under which he has labored, and presents a graphic picture of his trials and religious experience.

*Hamilton, April 13, 1856.*

DAVID INGLIS.

I have read the Autobiography of Mr. Richard Warren, Preacher of the Gospel among the African American Methodists. Mr. Warren's life has been marked by perplexity and trial; but the providence and grace of God have sustained him.

This little work will be read by many with lively interest.

*March 12, 1856.*

J. ELLIOTT.

I have read the narrative of the Rev. Richard Warren, Minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, now in manuscript. It contains material for a very interesting account of his trials and struggles, in connection with slavery, for several years.

*Hamilton, March 14, 1856.*

EPHRAIM B. HARPER.

The following narrative of the Rev. Richard Warren's life and experience, both while a slave and subsequently to his escape from bondage, will be read with interest by the pious of every class. It exhibits the cruelty and odiousness of Southern slavery, as well as the power and grace of God in sustaining him under his trials, and his merciful providence in opening up the way for his deliverance.

*Hamilton, April 13, 1856.*

G. SHEPARD.

S. MORRISON.

I have read the sketch of Rev. Richard Warren's life and trials, and find materials out of which a stirring and useful narrative might be composed.

*Hamilton, April 10, 1856.*

WM. MCCLURE.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE undersigned, at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends, has consented to the publication of the following brief narrative of his sufferings and trials while a slave, and of his enjoyments while experiencing the blessings of freedom. He does not make any pretension to literary ability, as the work itself will bear evidence. Although he has put on record but few of the many and stirring incidents connected with his slave career, he has given the leading features of his life, while in bondage, in a plain, unvarnished manner, without enlarging upon those incidents. He trusts that the work will meet the expectations of his friends.

Should this edition meet with a ready sale, it is not improbable that the author will add to the narrative reminiscences and scenes, illustrative of the evils of slavery, as have come within his own experience and under his own observation, and publish the same in a larger form.

RICHARD WARREN.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST, {  
May, 1856.



A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF  
**REV. RICHARD WARREN.**

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I was born in Gates County, North Carolina, on the 1st of December, 1812. My father and mother were slaves, the property of Mr. John Warren. When I was four years of age, our master removed to Rutherford County, State of Tennessee. Shortly after he got settled in his new home, our family, consisting of my parents and two children besides myself, were sent to the slave mart, in consequence of my master's death, and hired out to the highest bidder. It was our lot, as it is with a great majority of slave families, to experience the bitter pains of separation. Although we all resided in the same county, each received a new master.

It is not possible for me to describe the feelings that pervaded our breasts when we were taken possession of by our respective owners. The slave mother's love for her offspring is none the less poignant because she is a chattel, and is liable to be torn away from them by the ruthless hands of the merciless slaveholder. She has the same natural affection for her children as white mothers—loves them as fondly and feels for them as deeply. We were separated, and each went to his new home with feelings that can be better imagined than described.

My master's name was James Patton. He was a cruel, hard-hearted man, and seemed to take delight in

inflicting the most atrocious cruelties upon his slaves. Although very young, I did not escape his brutal treatment. Frequently has he beaten me with the cow-skin until the blood would stream down my body, and I was scarcely able to move about for days.

I had an opportunity of seeing my mother two or three times during the year. She was a pious woman, and embraced every opportunity of giving me suitable religious instruction. I never forgot her counsels, and the remembrance of them is sweet to my mind to this day.

Every New Year's Day I was put upon the block and hired out. Very frequently the person with whom I previously lived would bid me off: sometimes I would get a new master. In this way was I driven about for twenty years, sometimes having a master who treated me well, but oftener having one who was unmerciful and cruel, and who gave me worse treatment than his dumb animals received.

While living with a Mr. Jonathan Pope, from 1826 to 1829, I learned to read and write. The manner in which I obtained this knowledge may be briefly told. It is the custom in all Slave States to prohibit, under severe penalties, any slave from learning to read or write. Any slave caught with a book or newspaper in his possession is compelled to disclose the name of the person who furnished it to him, and is subject, withal, to severe punishment. Mr. Pope had a daughter, who took great interest in my welfare. After being severely beaten, she would steal away to the cabin where I lay weltering in my blood, and, by every possible means,

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seek to alleviate my sufferings. She was a great favorite with her father, and possessed considerable influence over him; and it was on that account that, although strictly forbidden to render me or any other slave any assistance of that nature, she would allay my burning thirst, give me food to eat and clothing to wear, conscious that if detected in performing these kind offices, she could make it all right with her father. Often, when I was unable to leave my miserable cabin, she would bring her Bible and read to me, and at my request she commenced to learn me my letters, and gradually, through her instruction, I was able to read that blessed book myself. I frequently fled to the woods after receiving a flogging, and I would take my spelling book along with me, and then I would set my mind to work to master some word, feeling that I had accomplished great things if I could in one day learn to spell one or two words. In this way I managed during my servitude at Mr. Pope's, so that when I left there I could read tolerably well.

In the month of July, 1832, I was married to a slave named Eliza, who belonged to another family a short distance from where I was living. She was a true and devoted Christian, and I promised myself a great deal of happiness from the union. But my bright hopes and anticipations were soon blasted. Two years after marriage I was doomed to see her carried off to a Southern slave mart, and I thought I had beheld her for the last time. My sorrows did not end here. I had not yet felt all the sorrows of that debasing servitude to which the poor manacled African is subjected. About this time

I was present at a slave auction, and was compelled to witness my brother and sister placed upon the block and sold to Southern traders: my sister going to Alabama, and my brother to Mississippi. The feelings that possessed my soul at this time were of the most horrifying description. My spirits were depressed, my heart sunk within me, and I hardly knew what to do with myself. Bereft of near and dear friends, the companion of my joys and sorrows torn from my embrace, my brother and sister taken by traders to the far South to endure untold sufferings, caused my heart to well nigh break. I could say, "The Lord giveth," but in this instance I could not say "The Lord taketh away." The words of the poet came to my mind, and I felt their truthful sentiment—

"Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been parted,  
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;  
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,  
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.

Yet how can I doubt my dear Saviour's protection,  
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand,  
O let me with patience receive his correction,  
And think on the Bible that lay on the stand."

Sometime previous to parting with my wife, I connected myself with the Methodist Church, and shortly after found the Saviour precious to my soul. I experienced the forgiveness of my sins, and though my body belonged to my earthly master, my soul was free and owned no one but God as its master. I could then adopt the language of the poet, and sing—

"One evening, pensive as I lay,  
Alone upon the ground,  
As I to God began to pray  
A light shone all around.

These words with power went through my heart,  
 I've come to set thee free,  
 Death, hell, nor grave shall never part  
 My love, my son, for thee.

My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,  
 Glory to God, I cried,  
 My soul was filled,—I cried enough!  
 For me my Saviour died.

Soon after my conversion, I felt that I was called to preach the Gospel, but my situation as a slave rendered it nearly impossible for me to perform the duties of a Minister. I managed, however, through much opposition and trouble, to meet my unfortunate brethren now and again, and hold religious converse one with another. On the Sabbath and on the holidays I would go from farm to farm, sometimes travelling from ten to twenty miles, to talk with my people about religion and seek to bring them to the fountain which was opened for sin and uncleanness. Many were the happy seasons I enjoyed in thus striving to serve my Heavenly Father, and glorious were the manifestations of his divine presence towards me. For eighteen years I acted in the capacity of a humble minister of the cross, preaching, whenever and wherever I had an opportunity, the unsearchable riches of Christ to my oppressed and down-trodden brethren, and God wonderfully owned and blessed my labors.

It must not be supposed that I was allowed to enjoy these seasons of mercy unmolested—that I could preach to my people without incurring the displeasure of my owner. As often as I engaged in these meetings just as often was I liable to receive from ten to one hundred lashes for my presumption to think that I could worship

God in opposition to the will of my master. But the fear of privation, suffering, and cruelty to which I was liable to be subjected did not deter me from performing my duty, and I would cheerfully sacrifice all so that I might glorify my God.

We were compelled to hold our religious meetings in secret. Often when we have been deeply engaged in the worship of God has our meeting been broken up by the patrols, and each slave taken to his master to undergo the most horrid treatment. Often while engaged in prayer have we been taken from our knees by the brutal slave-drivers and driven home like so many cattle, every now and then the dreaded cow-skin applied to our backs to accelerate our speed. I have seen an aged mother in Israel receive fifty lashes at one time, on her bare back, each cut of the whip bringing the warm blood from every pore, when her only crime was shouting and praising God. One of these brutal floggings terminated her earthly existence, and she went to the home of her Heavenly Master, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and where the wrongs and cruelties she endured will be treasured up against the day of wrath, when her cruel owner will receive his just reward.

During these years of privation, toil, and suffering I had frequently thought of trying to obtain my freedom. There was only one method of doing this, and that was escape. This was by no means an easy matter to accomplish, and for years I pondered it over in my mind before I could see my way clear. About eight years after my wife and child were separated from me

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I had the pleasure of once more seeing them face to face. They were on their way to the eastern part of the State, and they passed through the section of country in which I was living. I had prayed earnestly and faithfully that I might once more see my wife and child, and God, who is merciful and kind to all his creatures, heard my supplications. They remained with me two days, during which time I had an opportunity of gaining some important information which would enable me to escape to a free land. It was three years afterwards that I availed myself of the knowledge I then gained, and from the reflection of the *light* which my wife held in her hand I was enabled to grope my way to the depot of the underground railway, wher I took passage in a safe and secure carriage, and, under the protection of a merciful conductor, I was speedily brought to the land of freedom—to the land where the oppressed and down-trodden sons of Africa can find a resting-place.

When I arrived in the city of Detroit I had to stand and wonder at the goodness of the Lord, who had brought me through the dark and angry waters, and bid me look upon the soil upon which I could tread a free man. I thought I should never sufficiently praise him for . . . wonderful love and kindness to me, in bringing me from bondage to liberty. I stood speechless as I thought of the past and the then present. My mind was excited and so overjoyed by the scene before me that I shouted aloud and praised God for my deliverance. While I felt grateful to my Lord for delivering me from the oppressor, I did not forget to doubly praise him that when I was a sinner he showed me the way of

salvation, convinced me of the error of my ways, and brought me into the liberty of the gospel—that when I was yet a slave, and had no one to pity me—no one to bring me around the domestic fireside and point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world—no mother to take me by the hand on the Sabbath to Church, where I might be instructed in the way of salvation—I found the pearl of great price, and laid up my treasure in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through and steal. Who would not help me to praise him for his wonderful love and kindness to me in rescuing me as a brand from the burning, in delivering me from earthly and spiritual bondage and giving me temporal and spiritual freedom. When I come to think that my suffering time will soon be over, and that I shall take the wings of the morning and pass through Death's iron gate, and hail a world of spirits bright, who taste the pleasures there; and there to see God face to face, and fall at his feet and cry, Holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts: then I hope to hear him say, Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord—when God shall wipe all tears from my eyes, and I shall join with saints and angels before the throne of God, and for ever sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, world without end. I shall expect there to meet many of those dear friends who suffered with me in slavery, who have come up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—I shall expect to meet my father and mother, my wife and

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child, and my brother and sister, in those bright realms of endless bliss, where there is no buying and selling of human lives, no brutal slave-drivers to wound, and maim, and torture, no more toil, nor suffering, nor privation, and where parting will be no more. I shall expect also to meet those happy spirits whom God made me the instrument in bringing from darkness to light —those who with me were compelled to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, who could not sing or pray together without being subjected to the bloody lash. In that land we can sing and shout the praises of our Immanuel, and no one can molest or hurt. Happy day! May the remainder of our life be so spent that, when the troubles and trials of life are over, we can bask in the sunbeams of the Sun of Righteousness for ever and ever.

I have often heard it said that a slave is better off and more contented in the South, in bondage, than when enjoying freedom ; that he receives better treatment at the hands of his master than from those with whom he is surrounded in a free country. This statement has not the semblance of truth ; and how any man, at all acquainted with the workings of the system of Southern slavery, can entertain such an idea is a mystery I am not able to solve. It is true there are slaves who have merciful and humane masters, who are well fed—well clothed, and well taken care of. But these cases are very few. And with all this, these slaves cannot be contented and happy, because they are SLAVES. They have not the control of their own will, desires, or ways—they cannot think for themselves, act for themselves, or live for themselves—they are the property of others ;

and, however well treated, it cannot be said of them that they are happy. In contrasting freedom with slavery, this most essential point must be taken into consideration. And what a contrast! I have had masters who gave me the best of treatment, who gave me enough to eat, enough to wear, and some time that I could call my own. But I would not exchange my present condition as a free man, though I were compelled to suffer hunger, cold, and starvation, and a hundred other privations, for that of a slave, no matter how well I might be treated. Since I have been free I have suffered from the gnawings of hunger, have been without a shelter for my head, and with but scanty clothing during the severity of a northern winter; but the consciousness of being free—my own master—more than compensated me for the sufferings and privations I endured. The man who says that the condition of the slave with his master is preferable to that of being his own master does not understand the first principles of liberty. My emotions when I first landed in the city of Detroit, and first beheld the soil of Canada, where the slaveholder and his blood-hounds cannot come, cannot be described. I know that such were my feelings that I burst out in songs of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God who had thus so mercifully preserved me to behold that blessed day, and I knelt on my knees, and while I thanked God for my deliverance from bondage, I prayed that I might be able to appreciate the blessings of freedom.

I arrived in Detroit in the fall of the year 1845, since which time I have been laboring as a Minister of the A. M. E. Church in different parts of the Province.

I have kept a journal of my travels during this period, a portion of which I incorporate with this brief narrative.

Immediately upon my arrival in Detroit I joined the Methodist Church, and, soon after, I was licensed to preach by the Rev. J. H. Thomas, of the Ohio Conference. I labored with the Church there for a few weeks, and then left for my mission to Canada, to spread abroad among my people the name of Him who had done so much for me.

I passed through Chatham, C. W., and remained there ten days. I found the Church with which I was connected in a great state of confusion, caused by a difference about the question of Slavery. A person representing himself to be a Missionary from the True Wesleyans in the States, was sowing the seeds of discord and disaffection among the brethren, by representing the Methodist Church as pro-slavery, and his own denomination as the only true abolitionists; and by misrepresentation and deceit he succeeded in leading a large number away from the Church, many of whom lost what little religion they had and went back again to the world. A very serious injury to the cause of true religion was the result of the labors of this man and his emissaries. There were a noble few who were sound in the faith and remained true to the interests of their Mother Church, and, after the excitement died away, redoubled their efforts and labored with renewed energy to build up the waste places of Zion. This movement on the part of the True Wesleyans was not confined to Chatham. With a zeal worthy of a better cause, these men made their inflammatory appeals to

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the Churches in various directions, and in too many instances were successful in dividing the Church, and of creating discord and unhappiness where all should have been peace and brotherly love.

On the 29th of November I passed through London, on my way to the city of Hamilton. Here I found Rev. N. C. W. Cannon, Minister of the A.M.E. Church, who had charge of the Toronto and Hamilton Circuits. He was laboring, with the greatest assiduity, in conjunction with Rev. J. Taylor, to heal the differences which existed among our people, and to disseminate the pure Gospel of Christ. I remained in London about a week, and from thence proceeded to Hamilton, where I staid several weeks. The Church in this place was in a more healthy condition, and I had the pleasure of enjoying many precious seasons with the brethren. Rev. Mr. Cannon was the officiating Minister. In this city I spent the first Christmas and New Year's I ever enjoyed in a free country and as a free man. It was indeed a merry Christmas and a happy New Year's to me. Here I could be called and esteemed as a man among men, in a free and christian land—

Where the lion shakes his paw,  
And where the eagle has no claw.

Here I could assemble with my brethren under our own vine and fig-tree, and commemorate the birth of our common Redeemer and the return of the New Year—none daring to molest or make us afraid. Here we could mingle our voices together in prayer and praise, around our domestic hearthstones, listen to the prattling voices of the little ones, gather around our own tables, and bow our knees around the family altar, with no fear

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that the slave-trader would come in and desolate our homes by snatching away its fairest ornaments to carry into the far South—with no fear of the inhuman slave-driver's bloody lash. We could sing and pray and shout the praises of our God, and if we made a great noise we had no fear of chastisement from the merciless slaveholder.

A few weeks after New Year's I went to St. Catharines, and remained a short time. The Rev. Alexander Hemsley was the preacher in charge. The Church in this place was in a flourishing condition. The brethren were dwelling together in unity, and prosperity attended the labors of both pastor and people.

After remaining a few days, I visited Niagara, St. David's, Drummondville, and Chippawa, on my way to Buffalo. At all these places I found our people had organized themselves into Churches, and were striving to do good to themselves and their brethren who had escaped from the land of bondage.

When I arrived at Buffalo there was a revival of religion in progress in the A. M. E. Church, under the control of Rev. George Wires. I labored with him for several days, and the Lord poured out his spirit in a most gracious manner. Many souls were converted and added to the Church. Having promised Rev. Mr. Hemsley that I would attend his Quarterly Meeting, which was to take place on the 6th of March, I returned to St. Catharines. The meeting was a good one. The spirit of the Lord was made manifest in a powerful manner. While at St. Catharines I received an invitation to go back to Buffalo to take charge of the Church there while the preacher attended the Conference. I

complied with the request, and found on my arrival that the work of the Lord was still in progress. I labored with the people about four weeks, and we had many seasons of refreshing coming down from the presence of the Lord. Rev. George Wires was succeeded by the Rev. T. W. Jackson as preacher in charge of the Buffalo Church.

When the Rev. Mr. Jackson got fairly at work at Buffalo, I went back to Detroit and remained a few days, and afterwards went to Amherstburg, about 18 miles from Windsor. While here, the Anniversary of the Emancipation of Slaves in the West Indies was celebrated by the people with a great deal of enthusiasm. The spirit of rejoicing which prevailed on this occasion showed that the colored people could appreciate the blessings of freedom, and that they were not wanting in gratitude to that Sovereign under whose realm they were enjoying the birthright of every son and daughter of Adam, but which, strange to say, is only guaranteed to them on the American continent and Great Britain.

Shortly after the first of August I commenced a series of meetings in the Church, and the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the people in a wonderful manner. The work of revival prevailed, more or less, for twelve months, and over eighty souls were brought into the fold of Christ.

While the Ohio Conference was in session, I went to Detroit, and was appointed preacher in charge of the Church there while the Rev. J. H. Thomas was in attendance at the Conference. Rev. Edward Davis succeeded Mr. Thomas at Detroit, and the Rev. Mr. Brown was appointed School Teacher at the same place. I

was appointed to a mission at Ypsalanti, Michigan; but as my desire was to go to Canada, and Rev. Mr. Cannon having come to Detroit and urged me to take a Circuit in Canada, I consented to go. I was accordingly employed as a Travelling Preacher in the A.M.E. Church in Canada, and was appointed to the Amherstburg Circuit.

I labored on this charge up to the Meeting of the Annual Conference in August, 1847, and received for my services the sum of \$50. The Lord prospered me in my labors on the Circuit, and at the close of the Conference year I was enabled to report an increase in the membership of 34. I attended the Annual Conference which was held at Hamilton on the 27th of August, 1847, was received as a member of the Conference, and ordained a deacon, by the laying on of the hands of Bishop Quinn. The Conference appointed me to the London Circuit, at which place I remained two years. When I entered upon my labors at London I found a membership of 21. I commenced a series of meetings, and the Lord was present with us, and several souls were brought nigh unto God through faith in Christ Jesus.

At the next Session of our Conference, which was held at Drummondville, I was appointed to the Hamilton Circuit. This Circuit, at that time, included Hamilton, Simcoe, and Cayuga on the Grand River. I visited each place once in every month, and was compelled to perform my journeys on foot. The distance I travelled that year amounted to over 1200 miles. I preached every Sabbath, sometimes twice and three

times a day. My salary that year amounted to the sum of \$62.

The Annual Conference for 1850 was held at Toronto, in the month of October. By the orders of that Conference I was changed from the Hamilton to the Chatham Circuit. When I came to this Circuit I found a membership of 60. Shortly after I commenced my labors we were visited with one of the most powerful revivals I ever witnessed. My returns to the next Conference, which was held at London in August, 1851, showed a membership of 180, having had an increase during the year of 120 members. Our Conference at London was presided over by Bishop Quinn. Visitors were present from the Philadelphia, New York, and Indiana Conferences. At this session I was recognized and set apart for the purpose of exercising the functions of an Elder. I was sent back to Chatham that year, where the Lord continued to show forth to me and my charge his loving kindness and infinite mercy. In the month of May I attended the General Conference of the A. M. E. Church, which was held in the city of New York.

Our Annual Conference for 1852 was held in St. Catharines, Bishop Nazrey presiding. I received my appointment at Amherstburg at this Conference. The Lord prospered me in my labors that year, and a great many were added to the Church. I received \$100 for my services.

The next Conference was held in Peel Township, Bishop Quinn presiding, assisted by Bishop Nazrey. I was sent to the Windsor Circuit that year. My hum-

ble efforts to advance the cause of my Redeemer resulted in the conversion of a number of precious souls. I received this year \$75.

The Conference for 1854 was held in the city of Toronto. I was stationed on the Dawn Circuit.

The next Conference was held in Chatham. From this Conference I received my appointment to the Hamilton Station, where I have been laboring to the present time with some prosperity. My ill health, during last fall, incapacitated me for active service for several weeks. The few years I have spent in the service of my Heavenly Master, in Canada, have been the happiest in my life. I have met with the kindest of treatment, not only from people of my own color, but from nearly all with whom I have come in contact. I have endeavored to discharge my duties as a Christian Minister to the best of my ability; and although I have had much to contend with, being unlettered and unlearned, I have met with considerable success. The Lord has done much for me and my people, whereof I am glad; and while I remain on earth, I hope always to be found in the pathway of duty struggling for the right; and I trust when my race is ended I shall have a home in Heaven, where the weary are at rest.

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The following letter to my master in Tennessee, was written in the month of August of last year:—

HAMILTON, C. W., August 23, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—I embrace the present opportunity of addressing you a few lines that you may know that I

am still in the land of the living. I had intended, ere this, to inform you of my whereabouts, but delayed for reasons not necessary to mention. It has been ten years and three months since I left your service and sought a home in a strange land. I would say here, that I have never had any reason to regret the change I made, though I doubt not you felt somewhat disappointed and chagrined at the summary manner in which I left your employ. The fact is my mind was not contented in being compelled to labor from the rising to the setting of the sun, while I had to suffer hunger and cold, and be whipped and kicked whenever it suited your convenience. I did not feel satisfied to work without some recompense ; and when you denied me the privilege to worship God—when you prevented me, by force, from praying with and preaching to my enslaved brethren—when you stripped my clothes from my back and made me receive one hundred lashes for holding a religious meeting—when you took a handspike and beat me on the head until the blood streamed down my body, for telling you I thought it to be my duty to preach the Gospel—when I received such treatment at your hands, think it not strange that ideas of liberty and freedom would cross my brain, and that I made an effort to reach that soil consecrated to freedom—that soil, thank Heaven, where your blood-hounds are not permitted to hunt the panting and bleeding slave. That land I reached in safety, and on that soil I now tread a free man. The responsibility to God you assumed on my behalf I have relieved you from, and I trust you are now thinking of your own responsibility to your God ; and as you

are a class-leader and a circuit-steward, I hope you are preparing yourself to render a good account of your stewardship to that Judge before whom you will soon stand for trial. The fields are white unto the harvest, and instead of cultivating your cotton fields, I have been endeavoring to labor in the vineyard of the Lord, and God has, to some extent, prospered my humble labors, and a rich harvest of souls has been reaped. When I left you I had no doubt in my mind but that I was taking a proper course—that I was acting in the performance of my duty, and obeying the command of my Heavenly Father, who instructed me to go and preach the Gospel. I at first felt afraid that your blood hounds would scent my track and tear me to pieces, but I remembered the words of our Saviour, who said, Fear not him which can kill the body, but is not able to kill the soul: rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. I put my trust in God, and through his guidance I was permitted to perform my journey of 600 miles on foot unmolested, and was brought to a land of liberty. I have no desire whatever to go back to your service. I feel more contented where I am, and although I very much desire to see those friends who were near and dear to me, I would rather put off meeting with them until I see them face to face in a better land, than fall again into your hands. I do not think you would be disposed to give me any better treatment now than when I was with you, and you may rest assured I shall not give you an opportunity of again subjecting me to your horrid cruelties. I should be highly pleased could you make it convenient to come to Hamilton and pay me a visit. I assure you,

should you do so, I would receive you courteously, and try to render your visit agreeable and comfortable. If we do not meet again in this world we shall in the next, and the sincere prayer of my heart is that you may have, ere this, repented of your cruelties to myself and my unfortunate fellow-slaves, and that you have made your peace with God, so that you can enjoy his presence for ever and ever.

Yours truly,

RICHARD WARREN.

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### WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN?

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When shall we all meet again ?  
When shall we all meet again ?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire ;  
Oft shall wearied love retire ;  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parch'd beneath a burning sky ;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls  
Oft in fancy's wide domain.  
When shall we all meet again ?

When those burnish'd locks are grey,  
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day ;  
When around this youthful pine  
Moss doth creep and ivy twine,  
Long may this lov'd bower remain,  
Ere we shall all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled ;  
When its wasted lamps are dead ;  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, fame, and powers are laid ;  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.